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Taking a Firm Stand.

(M. McTavish, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

A number of college students were chatting together one evening, and the talk turned upon the various plans of study that they followed.

'I always look over my back work on Sunday,' said one, whose name was Hunter.

A fair-haired young fellow looked up in surprise at this last remark, but to the others there seemed nothing surprising in it, and another said:

'I keep Sunday for my most difficult subject. I think my brain is clearer than on other days.'

Harry Watson had noticed the look of surprise on the fair-headed lad's face, so he said to him mischievously—

'What subject do you usually study on Sunday, Roberts?'

'I have never even thought of using Sunday for such a purpose,' replied Roberts, in clear manly tones.

The answer brought the eyes of all present upon the speaker, whose fair face flushed, but whose eyes met the others unfalteringly.

'Not study on Sunday!' exclaimed Aubrey Hunter. 'How on earth do you expect to keep up?'

'My father taught me to keep the Lord's Day holy, and that I am determined to do. If I cannot keep up my studies and do that, why, I shall have to drop out, that's all. "But I'll not drop out."'

The resolute manner in which he concluded his little speech won an approving 'Hear, hear!' from two or three of the listeners. But others shook their heads, and Hunter said—

'Well, I'd like to see your marks at examination time.'

'Ay, that's the test,' said another. And then they all separated to their duties.

As the term passed on, Roberts' resolution was severely tested.

However, though he sometimes felt discouraged, he really lost nothing even in his class-work, for the total rest and change of thought refreshed his mind so that he returned to his work with renewed zest each week.

'Hallo, Roberts,' called Hunter one Monday as the two met on their way to college, 'you look as fresh as the morning. What do you take to keep you in such fine trim?'

'Nothing but what you might have,' said Roberts, looking pityingly at the sunken cheeks and heavy eyes of the man who addressed him. 'Nothing but one day's rest in seven, and that's what you need. I tell you, Hunter, you can't stand this strain. How late did you study last night?'

'Oh, till somewhere near morning,' said Hunter, wearily.

'With a wet cloth round your head, I suppose,' said Roberts. 'You will kill yourself, man, and then what use will it all be?'

'Oh, I'm tough,' said Hunter, grimly. 'Besides, I tell you, it's now or never with me. My family need my help, and I must not only pass, but pass high, so that I can get a place at once.'

Throughout the term Aubrey Hunter kept up by a free use of medicines and stimulants, but once the strain was over, his health gave way like an overstrained bow. He was carried fainting from the examination-room, and instead of being a help to his family, he found himself for a long time a charge upon those whom he hoped to help.

Roberts went up to his examination with a strong body and a clear mind. When the results were published, he stood high in the list, and this enabled him to obtain a most desirable position.

Missionary Conference For Young People.

The dates of the Summer Conferences of the Young People's Missionary Movement are officially announced as follows:—The Western Conference, at Winona Lake, Indiana, June 17-26; the Southern Conference, at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., July 1-10; and the Northern Conference, at Silver Bay, on Lake George, N.Y., July 22-31.

The Winona gathering will be the first of these Conferences to be held in the West, though this will be the second year for the Southern Conference and the third for the one at Silver Bay.

The purpose of these conferences is to afford a practical training school for mis-

sionary workers in Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies and to combine with such training the facilities for rest and recreation that most Christian workers are obliged to seek in connection with their brief summer vacations.

Among the speakers for the Conferences of 1904 are the following: Mr. John R. Mott, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John Willis Baer.

It is expected that the Missionary Secretaries for Young People's Work of the leading Missionary Boards of America will be present. In addition to these an invitation is extended to leaders and workers in national, state, district, and local Sunday-school, and Young People's organizations.

Missionary Secretaries and other leaders who are in closest touch with church activities have come to regard these Summer Conferences as one of the most effective agencies for the better equipment of young people for leadership in missionary work in the local church.

Reduced railway rates and a combination of other favorable conditions make it possible to offer the benefits of these Conferences to representatives of Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies for but little more than half of what ordinarily would be the expense of such vacation privileges.

Additional information concerning these Conferences may be had by addressing the Young People's Missionary Movement, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Christmas Day Among the Famine Orphans at Dhar, Central India.

(From the Victorian India Orphan Society.)

Owing to a variety of causes, a much longer time than usual has elapsed since any news of the famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, has been given to readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' amongst whom the Society has many subscribers.

We are glad to tell our friends that the work is being carried on most successfully. Last fall, for the first time, the Society made a special effort and sent out Christmas gifts for all connected with the Orphanage, missionaries, native helpers, and children, besides sending $10, which provided a good dinner for Christmas Day, which was served out of doors, the children being seated, native fashion, on the ground behind the new orphanage building, with their dishes in front of them. The following extracts from a letter just received give a good idea of how happily this large family of ours spent the day:—

'The gifts came in time, and Mrs. Russell and I got them labelled and ready for distribution. On Christmas morning all the orphans marched to church, where we had a very nice service. After that all the boys and girls, with the married couples who had gone out from amongst them and who are living in Dhar, assembled at the back of the Orphanage to eat their dinner and be photographed. They greatly enjoyed the good dinner which the $10 extra provided for them. The children all wished to invite their "brothers and sisters," as they call the married ones, and we felt that this was a pleasure the Society would heartily agree to them having. After they had feasted and played (their one feast in the twelve months), they assembled at Mr. Russell's bungalow at four o'clock. Whilst we had been at church in the morning, Mrs. Russell had arranged a "fish pond" for the gifts. The dining-room table was placed top down and legs up, in the verandah, which is very large; a bamboo pole was fastened to each leg, and on these were tied paper flags, red, blue, yellow and green, forming the four corners of the "pond." A Canadian ensign fastened round formed the sides, and in this enclosure all the presents were put, and each one "fished" for her or his own. One of the teachers sat inside the "pond," called out the names in turn, and when the child put down the line he fastened on the gift. I wish you could have heard the shouts of laughter as the line pulled up the precious gift. It took two hours' hard fishing to get them all out. Each one got print for a jacket, a bag of sweets, and either a toy or a cake of pretty colored soap.

'They were very, very happy, and all send you very many salaams; they also wish to send you their Sunday-school examination certificates; I am sure you will be very much pleased by this to see that the children are growing in Bible knowledge, and many who should have passed the examination failed because they were so nervous.

'Whilst I am writing, fourteen of the smallest girls are in the study having their jackets cut out by one of the teachers. They are having a week's holiday from lessons, and are going to make their jackets by way of a change. The weather is bitterly cold, and the girls are huddling as close together as they can and talking in whispers lest they should disturb their "Miss Sahib" who is writing to the "Mem Sahibs" in Canada.

'Very many thanks to all those who helped us to have such a happy, happy Christmas. May the New Year bring much blessing and success upon your efforts at home and upon us here.'

The dear children's desire to shew their gratitude to their friends in Canada is very touching. The nineteen certificates received were obtained in July by successfully passing the Examination of the All India Sunday-school Union, and to the writer it seems that these certificates must have been very precious to the children. We trust that at the next examination they may not be so nervous, so that a much larger number may be successful.

All the children are very well, the dreaded plague not having visited Dhar, though it was very bad at Mhow, only 30 miles away, where one-third of those who remained in the city died.

We hope to be able to give the annual report of the work done amongst the children shortly, and trust that more may become interested in this work for the uplifting of these poor little waifs gathered from the lowest and most destitute of India's teeming millions.

$17.00 a year pays for the entire maintenance and training of a child, and the annual membership fee of the Society is $1.00. Further information can be obtained from Mrs. Crichton, the secretary-treasurer, 142 Langside st., Winnipeg.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE VICTORIAN ORPHAN SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Victorian India Orphan Society was held in the Y. W. C. A. Building at Winnipeg.

The treasurer's report, submitted by Mrs. A. S. Crichton, showed more than fifty percent increase in the surplus over last year. The receipts of the year were:

Balance on hand	$ 50.52
Maintenance fees received	769.50
Membership fees	96.00
Sundry contributions	75.66
Special subscription for Christmas gifts	83.05
Total	$1,024.73

Expenditures.

Remitted to India	$ 860.00
Post-office orders	8.60
Stationery, stamps, 'Northern Messenger,' etc.	11.00
Christmas gifts and carriage	21.86
Contribution to Y.M.C.A.	10.00
Total	$911.46
Leaving a balance in hand of	113.27
	$1,024.73

'Twenty children are now provided for by individual friends in the city. One is supported by the C.E. Society of Knox church, and two by the junior society, St. Andrew's primary class provides for one, and also in December sent in an additional subscription of $7. The Bible class of Point Douglas church maintains one and the little folks of St. George's kindergarten class have again come to our help. Out of the city, friends in Toronto, Montreal, Keewatin, Vancouver, Carman, Plymouth, Melita, Man.; St. Eugene, Hyde Park Corner and Lanark, Ont., each support one; six are provided for by Sunday-schools or societies at Sidney, Lariviere, Beulah, Oak Lake, Otterburne and Oakland, Man.; one by a C.E. society at Prosperity, N.W.T.; one by a Sunday-school in Montreal; another by A. W. C. T. U. in Quebec; a Sunday-school at Doon, Ont., maintains one, and two others are supported by a mission band at Gibson, Ont., and a Sunday-school class at Orangeville in the same province.

'This year, as last, brought again a most welcome contribution of $20 to our funds from an unknown generous donor of Knox church, and a similar anonymous contribution of $12 from Point Douglas church.

'In the fall, we made a new departure, raising a special subscription for Christmas gifts for all the children, native helpers and the missionaries who superintend the work, for which we raised the sum of $33.05.

'From the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west we have deeply interested supporters. Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, the Territories and British Columbia, besides many outside points in Manitoba, all send in their contributions, entailing, as may easily be imagined, a large amount of correspondence; for this widespread interest we are largely indebted to John Dougall and Son, of Montreal, who have, through their valuable little missionary paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' conveyed throughout the Dominion and beyond, the tidings of the work this society in Winnipeg is striving to do for the material and spiritual uplifting of some of the subjects of our British Empire, separated very far from us by land and ocean.'

MRS. CRICHTON.

141 Langside st., Winnipeg.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Aylmer's Victory.

(Maggie Fearn, Author of 'The Flag of Truce,' etc., etc., in the 'Alliance News.')

Guy Aylmer stood by the side of the silver tarn, watching the countless tiny springs which trickled melodiously from between black ragged rocks, and hurried onward in limpid streamlets to empty themselves in the bed of the tarn. What a business they made of it! Always hurrying on and on, day and night, intent upon losing their identity in that larger bed of fathomless transparent water, but never succeeding in their apparent effort to exhaust themselves. For were they not perennial, having infinite resources in some hidden cavern that never saw the light of day? And were they not a curious interpretation of Aylmer himself? The young man seemed to think so; and, as he stood silently watching, he was tracing out this fancied resemblance. He was something like that monopolizing silver tarn, which received those incessantly running streamlets whether it wished to or not; and the inflow which he recognized as focussing to him was an endless persistent babbling string of thoughts.

He had come to that Yorkshire village bordering a stretch of wild moorland, all remote from the press and throng of the ever-hurrying world, that he might think about his strange life-crisis, and fight his battle in solitude; and on that mellow autumn day he stood by the great tarn and meditated.

Aylmer was young and good-looking, four-and twenty years to a day, and with his future before him. More than one, having climbed a rugged bit of moorland, and passing onward over the purple heather that spread itself out like a carpet, aromatic and beautiful, turned a second time to gaze silently on the absorbed thinker, and went their way with a vague wonder momentarily aroused why he should be so apparently indifferent to all his surroundings, and why his face appeared so moody and yet defiant. What issues had he at stake? What mysterious possibilities hedged him around?

He let the minutes steal by, and still kept his fascinated watch by the silver tarn; and then, still watching, he went carefully over in his excited fancy each point bearing upon the decision which had been forced upon him; and with careful alertness analyzed each and then he grouped them as an entirety, that he might again give himself the opportunity to judge the matter impartially; and, though the subject held for him and others the strongest arguments which might mar or bless—factors for good or evil—the chief facts were few.

Aylmer was all the family of his father's house. Brothers and sisters he had none, and his mother idolized him. His father had been one of those men who, as a class, see fortune pass by, and could never allure her to stop at his door. A gentleman by birth, a solicitor by profession, a poor man in reality, his dreams centred in his son; and it was Guy who must work out the family fortunes. This happy consummation seemed for a great while in the far distance; but as the years passed and Guy grew from a slim youth into a well-developed man, the aspect of things changed. Mr. Aylmer had a brother, Eustace, 'who had done well for himself,' to borrow a proverbial phrase from the world-wise; and he began to evince a distinct interest in his nephew and his nephew's views of life. Eustace Aylmer had married late in life and had no family; and what more natural than that as time went on his brother should begin to cherish a hope that he would do 'something handsome' for Guy? There were a good many comfortable thousands in the bank to Eustace Alymer's credit, and the big brewery was a fine representative of some thousands yet in embryo; so what wonder that the father should be alert and eager with the thought that by making advances to his brother he was furthering Guy's best interests? Anyway, so it was, and in a dim sense, without words being plainly spoken, Guy understood all this, and for a time tacitly acquiesced. Then with more precipitancy than Mr. Aylmer had dared to expect, his brother Eustace had made an offer—or, perhaps, it would be far more correct to say had declared his intentions respecting his plans for Guy; not imagining for so much as a moment that Guy, any more than the parents, would hesitate to accept them with a due sense of the benefits which would pecuniarily accrue. Guy should go to his uncle, and become initiated into the great and desirable art of beer-making, with a prospect of partnership in the near future, and a hint—in a confidential whisper—of succeeding his uncle at some far distant time, when Mr. Eustace Aylmer should propose to take his ease and leave the productive brewery in the then competent hands of his nephew.

Two years earlier all this would have been as the poetry of life to Guy Aylmer. It would have rung as sweetly upon his ears as it did upon his father's, and he would have packed his Gladstone, and gone to his stool in the office appertaining to the brewery and declared himself to be in clover. But two years had altered his outlook upon life and its possibilities. The change had been wrought in this way.

Two years before he had gone on a visit to the home of a chum of his, who had studied with him in the same classes; and while there, light-hearted and 'debonair' and bent on making holiday, his friend's brother had been brought home to die. Older by a brief three years only, the young man was early reaping the bitter harvest which folly and drink had hurried into fruition. Guy had stayed on, impelled by sympathy and the earnest solicitations of his friend; but for countless weeks there had afterwards continued to ring in his ears the shrieks and the curses which penetrated from the awful enclosure of the sick room; and when all was over, and the victim of the Nemesis of alcohol had been laid in his shamed and dishonored grave, he had seen the proud head of the father bowed to the very dust with grief, and the mother broken down under the anguish of a bleeding heart. So Guy had returned home sickened with a brief glimpse at the misery and sin of the tempter's power; and he had shuddered when the splendor of his Uncle Eustace's wealth was spoken of. A rich brewer! Faugh! the thought nauseated him. He vowed that he would beg on the street sooner than build up a fortune by manufacturing drunkards.

As time passed, however, the vividness of the terrible drink tragedy which he had witnessed became blurred, and he had ceased to dwell on it so constantly until there came upon him, with startling suddenness, his uncle's offer; and it broke up the smooth surface of his enforced calm, and awoke from slumber a thousand antagonisms which he had almost thought dead.

It was then that Guy Aylmer surprised himself almost as much as he surprised his father by fighting desperately against what everyone who know of it called his 'fairy fortune.' There was a hot argument, a long sharp quarrel, and then an estrangement; following upon all of which, as Guy would not yield, came the command to take a fortnight's run into a strange country, bury his ghosts with his feud, and return home with a steady head and cool heart, ready to be made a rich man and one of fortune's favorites: in other words, a brewer.

And Guy, grateful for a reprieve and a quiet interval to put his mental home in order, started for Yorkshire, and so found himself by the silver tarn. But his thoughts were in a tangle still. He told himself he was sacrificing his future for a passing fad; that his emotion and not his reason had been wrought upon and excited, and that what he had to do was to pull himself together and present a sensible front to the world. But the trouble was he found he could not do it.

He might possibly have eluded his conscience if there had been no other consideration than those named, but another and a more vitally tender one stood picture-like before him, and his heart cried out against itself as he grasped the bitterness of it all. Yet the very sweetness and tender goodness of his vision helped him to keep his conscience from a living death—at least for a time. Aileen Adair, beautiful, regal Aileen, seem to hover about his path; her face, reposeful and perfect, was before his eyes, gaze where he would. He had never told Aileen that he loved her. How dared he? Penniless and proud as he was; sheltered in the guardianship of a wealthy home as she was, how could he speak? But love has a language apart from words, and, like Tennyson's landscape painter, Guy Aylmer might have said—

'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily
And methinks thou lov'st me well.'

Had he been less true and honorable, this love would have been an added argument for yielding; but if his uncle's fortune were to make it easier to win Aileen, suppose at the same time it should also make it easier in the future to break her heart? Better, Guy told himself bitterly, better they two should never wed than that Aileen should be his and then live to rue the day she had married him. Aileen would probably curl her red lip ever so slightly with a fine scorn if he were to refuse to be his uncle's heir for some absurd quixotic notion; but he would not see it. If he listened to his conscience he would not look upon her face again.

Thus the days passed and found him for

ever alternating between two opinions, and he grew worn with the struggle. One morning he sought the now well-known and familiar tarn, determined to make his irrevocable choice, for on the morrow his probation would end, and he must return home; and he must have his answer ready. The time for dallying and indecision was over. It was the stern hour when he must dare to take his life choice in his hands and hold to it.

The silver bed of waters was gleaming under the noon sunshine. Whatever mysteries it might have, it presented a calm, unalterable face to the world. If it held mysteries, it held them in defiant secrecy. Why could not he? Why should he not bury his conscience under a Sphinx-like calm, and under that impenetrable veil defy the stinging condemnation of his heart and accept his uncle's offer, and win Aileen, if she were to be won? Why should he not? He would. He would hesitate no longer. It had been weakness to hesitate so long.

He lifted his eyes suddenly. Almost by his side lingered a bowed woman, old and grey, with a look on her face that fascinated yet terrified him. She was regarding him curiously, and then her piercing eyes would wander to the surface of the silver waters.

'You spend over many hours by the side of yon water,' she said when she met his eye; 'but I guess you haven't known it summer and winter for sixty and more years as I have, mister.'

'No, but it interests me. How calm it always is—like life in your village.'

He spoke musingly, and she peered up strangely into his face, and drew nearer.

'Calm? Ah, young sir, when you've liver a bit longer you'll learn that a calm like that isn't the sort that never had a ruffle; and if you had lived in these parts as long as I have, you'd know that sin and evil and sorrow—ay, and madness—sweep under the outward calm of what you call life in a village. Oh, yes, I've heard it all before. You strange visitors of a week or two smile at us and think we've never had reason to find out we have hearts; but I tell you that the Lord never yet set six human souls together in the fairest spot but the enemy of souls found 'em out. Six? no, nor yet two; for there were but two in the Garden of Eden, and the enemy was there, and brought his curse with him.'

Guy shivered slightly. What eerie things for a woman to say! But she went on, unheeding his uneasiness.

'Do you see yon building?' pointing with one skeleton finger where in the dim golden, hazy distance could faintly be seen a huge ugly structure of blackened bricks; 'that's a brewery!—a great, rich, wonderful brewery, where beer is brewed, which makes men and women mad, and lower than the poor brutes that would shame them by turning aside from the same sin. A brewery, young man! You know what a brewery is, don't you?'

'What of it?' asked Guy, shivering once again. Why should this singular woman talk to him about breweries?'

'I'll tell you. Listen. That brewer had a son, a young man, a young man who was as straight and handsome as you, young sir; and, as young men will, he fell in love with a sonsie face and a pure soul, and fell in love with another enchantress, too. The drink that is made in his father's great brewhouse cursed him body and soul—that and the terrible "fire-water," as the poor Indian brothers across the big ocean call brandy and the like—and he grew to hate the very light of day and all things true and good. Till there came a night, ah! a winter night of such ice and frost and snow as you know nothing of, young sir, and he broke away from his bonny homeside, and in his madness took yonder moor path till he reached this spot, and no one ever saw the rest.'

She lowered her voice, and gripped his arm with a force that made him wince.

'The tarn was covered with a thin sheet of ice, and the snow lay over it, and it looked for all the world like a bit of the rocky moorland itself. It was dark as the most utter darkness can be, and the wind howled pitilessly.

'Up from the village, following in his footsteps, sped a woman with a babe in her arms. You'll guess the truth, 'twas his bonny wife of a year and a half, with his little child held to her bosom. Ah, my heart grows cold as the stones under the water of the tarn as I think of it. For why? Wasn't it my own bonny Ellen and her child? My own one, wee girl that I'm telling of? Yes, yes, Ellen, with her brave and sonsie face, that I never saw again save in my dreams.'

'What happened?' asked Guy, fascinated against his will into listening.

'In the morning light the searchers saw a hole in the ice that covered the tarn, a hole as though some heavy body had crashed through it; and on the snow, a yard or two further, frozen and stiff, they found a cap—the cap he was wearing when he left his home that night. He was never seen again. They say the tarn has no bottom. I can't tell. But it wasn't till weeks after, when the great frost broke and the snowdrifts melted, that the men came upon two dead bodies near about here—a woman with a baby in her arms, and the woman's face was the face of my Ellen.'

'Horrible!' Guy put his hand to his brow. 'But this was exceptional. The father; is he not alive and well? The other was just a tragedy, surely.'

'Alive? No, young sir, no one can dare to say he lives. His existence is one endless torture. His rooms are peopled, to his maddened fancy, with spirits and powers of evil, and his days and nights are one round of unmitigated horror. Who can call it living?'

'Ah! but this is only one family. There might have been a predisposition.'

'Only one family? Nay; I swear to you it is one of thousands.' Her voice rose till the autumn echoes awoke on the moorland and nature seemed to repeat and emphasize her words.

'Is there not the story of Willie Blake, who killed his old mother when she was trying to keep the whiskey from him? and Andy Ferrell, who shot himself to end his mad misery? and Katie Macquire, who, when the drink had hold of her, took her baby's life?'

'Stay! It is enough. I can bear to hear no more,' cried Guy Aylmer, hoarsely. 'Mother, you will never know what your terrible words have done for me to-day. I can only say to you that they have come as the warning voice of God. I am going home to-morrow, and then it will be for me to live out the sermon you have preached me here by the silver tarn this morning.'

He turned abruptly away, and walked back over the rugged moors to his lonely rooms. The next day he left the wild beauty of Yorkshire behind him, and began his hard battle for conscience and for truth.

His father was hopelessly stern and cold and unpitying; his mother broken-hearted and in tears.

'The choice is your own. You have chosen to ruin your prospects in life, and I have no further advice to offer you,' his father said curtly. 'You must make your own future.'

But while Guy was feeling his burden almost too heavy to be borne, Aileen Adair came with a light of proud triumph in her eyes.

'I am proud of my friend,' she said in her sweet yet thrilling voice; 'never so proud as now that he has given up fortune at the call of duty.'

'Aileen,' his voice trembled, 'it is not only fortune; it is something far dearer and sweeter. Had I been my uncle's heir I might have dared to tell you what I do not dare now.'

'Why do you not dare?'

The light in her eyes dazzled him.

'Because—because I am poor, and you—'

'You may dare to tell me now what you would not have dared had you sacrificed conscience and goodness for mere gold,' she murmured softly.

* * * * * * *

The day came when Guy Aylmer, a rising commercial man, with the wife who loved him, blessed God again and again that the money he passed through his hands daily had no shame on it from the ruin of men's souls. From his one act he built his future.

* * * * * * *

'We sow an act and reap a habit; we sow a habit and reap a character; we sow a character and reap a destiny.'

They Were Partners.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

'You are a busy little girl to-day?'

'Yes, 'm.'

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed and perspiring, but cheery withal.

'Yes, 'm,' it takes a heap of water to do a washing.

'And do you bring it all from the brook down there?'

'Oh, we have it in the cistern, mostly; only it's been such a dry time lately.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Marriages Made on Earth.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN STORY.

Olive Christian Malvery, in the 'Alliance News.')

A girl stood on the quay, straining her tear-misted eyes to catch a last glimpse of the vessel that was bearing her lover away. Only a little hour lay between his caresses and the present emptiness, but how great the void already seemed! His kisses still lay warm upon her quivering lips. But he was out on the sea, and with the sound of the waves there mingled his last yearning words, 'Be true to me, Nellie, love. I shall soon return to claim you, and we shall go out together to that golden land.' But her courage broke in the parting hour, and she sobbed on his breast, 'Oh, Jack, if only I could go with you now—I shall miss you so.'

'Cheer up, darling. India is a wonderful land. I shall do splendidly in a place where there is room to live and work. I shall come for you soon.'

Thus they had spoken a short hour ago. Now Jack was beyond sound of voice, and touch of hand.

'How long will the cruel sea divide us?' whispered Nellie as she turned homewards. Woman-like, her heart was full of unvoiced fears. She quailed at the thought of the temptations her handsome young lover would have to face alone, in a far-off land. She knew, too, poor child, that pride and self-confidence make but an uncertain shield against the arrows of temptation, and her lover had gone out equipped in such frail armor to fight the battle of life.

Jack West and Nellie Ford had been engaged for two years. He was a master in a preparatory school for boys, on a salary of a hundred pounds a year. She was the daughter of a London solicitor whose work far exceeded his income. But the lovers were young, and hope beat high. They told each other every day that 'something would turn up,' and when the offer of a good appointment in an Indian College was made to Jack, they felt as if Providence had befriended them, and almost believed that they heard their own wedding bells in the still evening air. The thought of the inevitable parting was put away until Jack was actually ready to sail. And then the bitterness of it smote the two hearts like a sudden, dreadful storm. For the girl a long and weary waiting seemed to loom ahead. The man, at least, was going to a new life, full of novelty and hope. But in the midst of this pang a gleam of sunshine fell upon Nellie. In her quiet shy way she had from time to time done little services for the Temperance Society of the church to which she belonged, and now an urgent request was preferred by the committee that she should take the secretaryship which was vacant. She entered upon her duties with a quiet and happy enthusiasm, for no work appealed more strongly to her tender and womanly heart than the work of redeeming from ruin the victims of drink. Her first thought was of winning Jack to take the pledge before he sailed for India.

'I wish you would become the "first fruit" of my labor, Jack,' she said with a queer, pleading little laugh. 'It would make me so happy if I knew you were going out avowedly pledged to do right.'

But Jack laughed her pleading away.

'It would never do for me to go out labelled as a narrow and prejudiced man, Nell. You may be sure I will be as good an advocate of temperance as any fanatical teetotaler. I am, as you know, temperate in all things,' and so he went from the faithful, pure heart that loved him.

The same ship that bore Jack West away from his promised wife also carried a party of gay tourists and some Anglo-Indians returning to their Eastern home. And among the company was a bright-faced young girl, the only daughter of Professor Somers, who was returning to her Indian home after a 'finishing' process in one of the English boarding schools. This lately emancipated young lady made the life of the company, and soon established herself as first favorite on board.

After the usual spell of 'mal de mer,' Jack went on deck and encountered Maud Somers in a bewitching attitude throwing quoits. He joined the game, and gradually drifted into friendship with Miss Somers.

They had a community of tastes, and the girl's knowledge of the land to which he was going a stranger made Jack anxious for her opinion and advice on a thousand matters connected with his new home. When Maud Somers discovered that Jack West was going out to take up a tutorship at Lal Bagh College she clapped her hands with glee. 'How funny,' she said, 'my father is the Principal of Lal Bagh. What a stroke of luck that we met.' Jack was pleased, too. He had found a pleasant and useful friend. The two chatted by the hour. Jack soon made interest with the head steward to get his seat placed next to Miss Somers at table, and here her influence soon caused him to feel glad he had not bound himself in Nellie's narrow total abstinence principles. Maud Somers took her wine with a pretty air of discrimination, and Jack would not for worlds have confessed that he had almost adjured it altogether. Life on board ship lends itself to quick intimacies, but though the 'Mr. West' and 'Miss Somers' had now changed to 'Jack' and 'Maud,' and the old stagers nodded after the two with knowing looks, Jack had not yet found opportunity to tell his friend of his engagement to Nellie Ford. So the friendship grew till Maud Somers came to regard the handsome young tutor as her special property.

India, it must be confessed, is a delightful land during the winter months. The stations in the plains are full of visitors, tourists, and folk returned from their sojourn in the 'hills.'

Jack West arrived at his destination in November, when the roses were blowing in the gardens, and the air full of a cool and pleasant sweetness. He speedily entered with zest into the gay life around him. He was invited to tennis parties, to afternoon teas and dinners, and was a welcome addition to the Sports Club, where he shone as a cricketer and tennis-player. The Principal of Lal Bagh and his good wife treated Jack as a son, and he enjoyed full freedom in their beautiful house. The gaiety and glamour of the new life fascinated the young Englishman. He found himself for the first time in his life free from care, and able to enjoy the privileges extended to a gentleman in a good position. Maud was constantly at his side to inspire him with a desire for still greater popularity and social success. He lost the fresh image of Nellie's pale and sweet face, and when flushed with the 'pegs' which now had become a necessity of life to him, he swore that he was too fine a fellow to be tied up to a little Puritan, who would spoil all his 'sport.' When his conscience reproached him for disloyalty he stilled it with clever excuses.

'This sort of life would never suit Nellie,' he mused. 'She is such a shy, home-loving girl, and so straight-laced, that this strange new life would almost kill her. The poor girl would be utterly miserable, and I could not afford her constant trips "home."'

So Jack, for the best and most unselfish reasons, married Maud Somers, who thus brought him an income of £300 a year, and encouraged all his ambitions. She laughed and sang, and drank 'success' to him in all his sporting contests.

Nellie spoke no word when the news came. She made no cry, but she drooped like a broken flower.

Mrs. Ford's wrath was great, and it was to escape her mother's constant abuse of Jack, and the pitying glances of her neighbors, that Nellie, after much suffering, at last consented to marry Colonel Hall, a retired Indian officer, who had for a long time loved her.

The Colonel was not her girlish ideal, but he was one of those steadfast and upright men who leaven the earth with goodness. He wrapped his little bride about with wonderful love and tenderness, and set her in a garden of happiness. To his amazement he found himself absorbed in her interests, and to no one's astonishment more than his own, did he take over the secretaryship of the 'Good Faith' Temperance Society when illness laid Nellie aside for a time. So the two grew very near together, and love and righteousness prospered. When Nellie, to her unutterable delight, found her husband placed in the Parliament chiefly by 'Temperance' voters, she felt that to them was indeed given a great work for their people and for their country.

Long years after, when Nellie remembered her false lover only to rejoice that his disloyalty had given her such a brave and good husband, she met Jack again. It was at a great ball given during the Durbar at Delhi. They had sailed from the very harbor that had seen Jack's going forth. The same ship was bearing Nellie and her husband to the land of coral and spice, to witness the grand and the wonderful show of Imperial splendor, the Durbar. In the old Moghul Palace, under a blaze of light, Nellie and Jack met. She, grown radiant and young with happiness; he, sated and dull, and cursed with the unsteady sight and constant thirst of a habitual drinker. On his once handsome face a look of discontent sat. As they left the gorgeous scene Nellie saw a man and woman passing down the velvet carpeted way, and a woman's voice came clearly back to her, 'I wish you were dead, Jack.' The man lurched unsteadily and the woman clutched him hastily. 'For pity's sake, hang on to me, and let us get out before all the world sees that you are drunk.'

So they passed out, and Nellie tightened her hold on her husband's arm.

The Indian moon shone down, silvering

the wide streets. Nellie sat close to her husband in the carriage.

'Are you glad you married me after all, Nellie, poor old prosy teetotal M.P. that I am?'

Nellie's eyes were wet and her heart full as she answered, 'I would not change my heaven-blessed marriage for Jack West's earth-made contract for all the wealth of the Indies.'

And her husband was more than satisfied.

The Silver Plate.

(Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, in 'Waif.')

They passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast, now
few,
That rattled upon it; and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound
A boy who sat in the aisle looked round
With a wistful face: 'Oh, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!'
He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest
eyes
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God—
Poor, pitiful pagans who didn't know,
When they came to die where their souls
would go,
And who shrieked with fear, when their
mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god, afraid
He might eat them up, so fierce and wild,
And horrid, he seemed to the frightened
child.
And the more the minister talked, the
more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give, that the heathen might hear of
Christ.
As they offered the piled-up plate to him
He blushed, and his eyes began to swim.

Then, bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke in a voice that held a tear:
'Put the plate on the bench beside me
here;'
And the plate was placed, for they thought
he meant
To empty his pockets of every cent,
But he stood straight up, and he softly
put
Right square in the midst of the plate his
foot
And said with a sob controlled before:
'I will give myself: I have nothing more.'

Old Country Friends.

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A Flag of Truce.

(Maggie Fearn, in 'The Alliance News.')

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Graham were taking their breakfast; or, rather, he was taking, and apparently enjoying his, while she scarcely made the pretence of eating any. He husband noticed this at last, and looked up critically.

'What is the matter, Kate? Is it you or the breakfast that is wrong? To me the fish seems very good, and the omelet, too,' he said, proving it in a practical way.

Mrs. Edgar gave up the attempt at breakfast then, and began to voice her thoughts. The opportunity for conversation was what she had been awaiting, and she responded eagerly.

'Edgar, your Uncle Treve comes this afternoon—you remember?'

'Certainly, my dear. He's your uncle, too, isn't he? I am willing to go shares.'

She smiled, then, still eagerly—

'Gar,' she said, 'I have been thinking of something I should like, oh, so much, and I want to ask you, Gar.'

'Been thinking too much to eat your breakfast? A pity, my dear Kate; because if there's a shop where the thing you want can be bought we will try and get it. Now what is it?'

'It is nothing of that sort. Edgar, listen. You know Uncle Trevelyan is to give a temperance lecture to-night—'

'That is what he is coming for,' remarked Edgar, 'sotto voce.'

'And this is the first time he has stayed with us since our marriage, and there is one thing I long for just now, more than anything else in the world, it seems to me; and you can give me this great, great pleasure if only you will.'

Mr. Graham was roused to some concern as well as curiosity.

'Why, Kate, you know I would do any possible thing to give you pleasure; and I think you might have known it well enough to prove it by telling me straight out what you want. Don't you think I like to please you, Kate?'

'Yes, yes, it is because you are so good to me that I hesitate to ask, for I fear to vex you, Gar. But it is just this. I cannot bear that Uncle Treve should see the wine and spirits on our table; and if only for a few days—just the little while he is here, you would not have any, oh, Gar——!'

There was a break in her voice, and, though her words had ruffled him at first that little stifled sob touched him. He laughed and threw down his serviette.

'Why, my dear little wife, you quite startle me. Even if we were to agree not to have these tempting delights on our table, pro tem., don't you fancy it would be rather like a thief putting on the garb of a police officer and feigning the honest man? You see, not having wine and such things on our table will not make me a solemnly good teetotaler. I am probably a very black sheep, Katie, but covering up my blackness will not make me at all white.'

There was a hurt flush on her pretty cheek and a little shadow on her brow. Edgar Graham left his seat and crossed over to her.

'Katie, I am a bear to treat you like this. I am all contrition.'

His wife clasped her hands lovingly on his arm in an instant. No one was sweeter in temper than Kate Graham.

'Dear, I am only asking for a flag of truce. Every brave commander may permit that in honor. Think, Edgar, if you were Uncle Trevelyan, how hurt you would feel to see alcohol in any form on the table of your host. I believe I should make a hundred errors in serving if those decanters faced me while he was sitting at the table.'

'A flag of truce? Ah, well, you have pleaded a very pretty case. But do not let Uncle Treve think I am what I am not, that is all I ask. I suppose you must have your own way, Kate, you usually do. Only I fail to see what you want to trouble yourself for over this temperance business. You never used to bother before we were married, and why should you now? I know I like my glass of beer and wine occasionally, I admit that, but you never saw——'

He stopped in some confusion, for his wife's head had dropped slightly, and he suddenly remembered there certainly had been one exception to what he was about to affirm. There had been one terrible night when he had come home in a condition which had frightened Kate; a condition of excitement and strange unreasonable hilarity. He had attended a congratulatory dinner in honor of one of his old friends, and there had been a large number of toasts which had been drunk most enthusiastically. Of course, it was extremely annoying that the champagne he had drank should have made him feel 'not quite himself.' It was just as likely to have been the heat of the hall and the mingled scented smoke from a couple of dozen cigars, and he told Kate this the next morning; and also said he was really sorry it should have occurred, and he had meant it; and promised it should not occur again. And it had not. Therefore, why should Katie every now and then, in a shy, indirect way, bring it to his mind and fuss over this miserable teetotal fad? It was rather unjust to him, and not at all like Kate, and he felt vexed when he had thought of it. Still, she was really a dear girl, and the best little wife in the world, and how could he refuse her odd request? He could not, and he told her so.

'You may lock the sideboard and put me on one glass per diem while Uncle Treve is here, Katie, and I'll stand true, my dear, and be a credit to you!' he said.

'Oh, Edgar, how good of you. I am more grateful than you can imagine. You don't know how much care I will take to have all your favorite dishes and fruits so that you will not miss the other things. Gar, dear, you have made me such a real happy woman.'

'Reward enough, surely,' he answered playfully. 'Now, I must away. Let me see, Uncle Treve is to come by the five o'clock express, so that means hard work for me all the morning and afternoon, with only a quarter of an hour for a sandwich lunch, if I meet the express. And you may depend on me, Katie, I'll meet it, and act the dutiful nephew. By the way, is the "flag of truce" to be run up straight away, No ale or wine even with the sandwich to-day? Ah, your eyes say "No," and answer for me. Well, I have passed my word. High tea at six, and then the temperance meeting, eh? I suppose I must

look in and hear the speechifying if Uncle Treve is to do it, and, after all that concession you will let me have a glass of brandy and water the last thing with my smoke on the quiet after supper, Katie?'

Bantering, teasing, as his words were, there was fear and gladness in her heart as she listened. But she sent him off with her ever ready bright smile, and not until after he had gone did she permit herself one quiet minute to grasp the meaning of it all—of what she had asked and of what he had promised. A 'flag of truce!' Thank God even for that; and she did thank him reverently, with bowed head and throbbing heart.

Punctually the five o'clock express drew up at the station, and Mr. Trevelyan Brooke, familiarly called Uncle Treve by his relations, instantly stepped out on the platform. Very alert, very much in the habit of taking note of every detail, and living in the present, was he. There was no hurry and equally no idleness about him. A capable man every inch of him, and people instinctively felt it. Even his nephew, Edgar Graham, felt it as he met him, and offered his hand. Mr. Brooke's clear eye glanced him over critically as well as kindly.

'Glad to see you again, Edgar,' said he. 'How is Kate? She was pretty as good before she married you. I hope you have not spoilt her?'

Edgar Graham smiled as he shook his uncle's cordially offered hand. Certainly Uncle Treve seemed as if he were capable of enjoying life.

'Kate, as usual, is too good for me; but I am grateful that some get more than they deserve or I should fare badly. Kate will be waiting for us; are you ready, Uncle Treve?'

The way was not long, and soon the jovial guest was sitting with his young host and hostess at Kate's dainty tea table, enjoying the appetizing spread. It was spoken of as high tea, but Uncle Treve might be pardoned for thinking it would have been no discredit to call it by another and more imposing name. The three were merry enough, and even Edgar allowed to himself that this teetotal relation of his was provokingly good company. Mr. Brooke had a dozen capital stories ever on his lips, and each seemed better and more racy than its predecessor; and yet there was no manner of doubt but that he did an excellent practical part at the table, and was keen on every courtesy that could be bestowed upon Kate. So his nephew was constrained to admit that Temperance had not wrought deterioration in Mr. Trevelyan Brooke, and that at forty-five he was apparently just stepping into his prime. It was provoking for him to be his own best argument in favor of his principles, or so Edgar felt.

When the time arrived for starting for the hall where the meeting was to be held the lecturer took the fact as a perfectly natural and expected one that Edgar and Kate should accompany him, and again Edgar felt a curious irritation over the circumstance, an irritation that held other ingredients—amusement, a little injured dignity, and also an unacknowledged bit of satisfaction. He had meant Uncle Treve to understand that it was really a trifle condescending of his nephew to so far put aside all prejudice and be present at a temperance meeting; and yet it was curiously good to feel that he thought Edgar far too much of a gentleman to do less than pay the tribute of courtesy to his guest. So Edgar's face was a study, and Kate's triumphant.

On entering the lobby one of the gentlemen of the committee looked with unconcealed amazement at Edgar Graham, and whispered distinctly to a colleague: 'There is Graham, of all people!'

And the other answered: 'Why, Trevelyan Brooke is his uncle; and he's staying with the Grahams, you know. The attendance is complimentary.'

Edgar and Kate both overheard these remarks, and they felt their color heighten a little as they passed on to the body of the hall. How ready people always were to discuss their neighbors' movements, Edgar thought, with a perturbed sense of unreality at the strangeness of his surroundings.

The lecturer was at his best, and Edgar found himself listening with a new feeling of interest in the bond which existed between him and the alert, well-trained, capable, courtly man on the platform. For the first time it occurred to him to acknowledge that this temperance business had some splendid and powerful advocates; men the world was forced to respect.

When the three returned home from the meeting they found Kate's supper table as dainty in its appointments and viands as the meal to which they had done justice earlier in the evening. Mr. Trevelyan Brooke was better company than ever. Edgar seemed to have absolutely forgotten the absence of those fascinating decanters and the gleaming contents of the spirit stand; but Kate, preternaturally sensitive on this point, observed Uncle Treve's quick critical glance, which compassed every detail of the table, and she knew that the whole of the time he was abnormally conscious of the omission. If it surprised him, however, he, with consummate tact, for which Kate mentally blessed him, utterly ignored the fact outwardly, and the talk flowed on in rippling, sparkling current. For half an hour after supper was concluded Mr. Brooke was still discussing some difficult political problem with Edgar, and with such warmth as to bring a keen flash of absorbed interest to the eyes of the younger man. Then he rose, and, with a cordial smile and bow, offered his hand to Kate.

'You will excuse me if I ask you to let me say good-night? I want to write a couple of letters before sleeping.'

The good-nights were hearty enough, then when husband and wife were both alone, Edgar went over and stood on the hearthrug, looking thoughtful.

'Uncle Treve is a fine fellow,' he said. 'Kate, has he referred to—to what you term our "flag of truce"?'

He gave a little embarrassed laugh. The day, the evening, had been so strange.

'Not by a word,' answered Kate, very promptly, thankful she could say so.

He sank into an easy chair with a relieved sigh, then silently filled and lighted his familiar pipe, yet he did it in a half-hearted way; or it seemed so to Kate. Meanwhile she wondered how far her duty and conscience claimed speech or silence. Was it, could it be, her duty to set before him the 'one glass' of alcohol which had been the mutually agreed upon compromise? She evaded the definite position by taking an intermediate one, and asking Edgar if he wished her to do anything more for him before going up stairs. He hesitated a moment, then finally said 'No' to her question, and Kate left him alone. She knew the key of the sideboard, where the wines and spirits were kept, was in her dress pocket, and Edgar had not asked for it.

As for Mr. Trevelyan Brooke, when he had closed the door of his room he went straight over to a large lounge chair that looked peculiarly tempting to a tired man, and, sitting down, let his head rest motionless on the cushioned back and shut his eyes. A half-smile curved his lips. He was tired, and he knew it; but until that moment he had had other and far more important business in hand than the luxury of self-indulgence. He sat now, and the smile came unbidden as he remembered St. Paul's declared ambition to be 'all things to all men, lest haply he might win some.' Uncle Treve's business that evening had been to win his nephew. Edgar was worth winning. Had the first step toward it been taken? Mr. Trevelyan Brooke was wise, and he instinctively understood that Kate was wise, too. He felt that Edgar and Kate both needed help, and he wondered if he should know just how to help them. Then before writing his two letters, he opened his Bible, and his eye fell on the words—

'I will guide thee.'

It was enough. He read no more that night; and soon he was sleeping the deep profound sleep of health.

The bright joviality of the previous night was just as prevalent at the breakfast table the next morning. No one quite knew what made the meal so delightful, but the magnetic influence was undoubtedly focussed around Uncle Treve. As Edgar at length hastily rose to hurry away to his office, Mr. Brooke remarked that he must look up the trains to find a suitable one to take him back to the city. Edgar paused.

'You will not surely leave us to-morrow, Uncle Treve?'

'I had intended, indeed, arranged, to return this afternoon.'

'Stay and spend the week-end with us. Kate and I would be delighted.'

'This is extremely kind of you——.' He hesitated, then met Kate's eye. Was there appeal in it? He thought so. 'It will give me great pleasure to do so.'

'It will give us more to have you,' rejoined Edgar gaily, and he sprang off so that he might not be late at his post.

The days passed delightfully, and it was not until Sunday evening that Edgar referred to the absence of wine from his table. Then he entered on the warfare bravely, yet abruptly.

'Uncle Treve, do you believe from your very soul that all your enthusiasm about temperance is needed? Do you pile it on a bit because the fad has caught on with some, and certain quarters, and you are keen on being up-to-date, or——'

'Or do I do this thing from an honest conviction that in the great day the Lord will charge me with the stupendous and mighty reality of it, and ask at my hand the soul of my brother, my sister, and I do not dare to neglect my responsibilities?' asked Mr. Brooke, with subdued and impassioned intensity. 'Before God, I tell

you it is because of this that I have said, Edgar.'

'Uncle Treve, do you suppose me to be a teetotaler? You have seen no alcohol in this house since you came. Do you think I never take any?'

'Oh, no!' He smiled slightly. 'If you were a total abstainer, Edgar, you would have told me the very first evening, because you would have been proud to tell me; for you are not one to usually be half-hearted.'

Edgar rose, his face grave and earnest, though white with his effort to control his emotion.

'It was Kate who made me promise not to have wine on our table while you were with us. Kate has been an abstainer for months, ever since one evening when I almost broke her heart, Uncle Treve——'

'Oh, Gar! Hush!' cried Kate, softly.

'She has called this interdiction a "flag of truce," ' went on Edgar, 'and, upon my word, I cannot see any reason for going back to the old ways. Uncle Treve, if you will take my name and believe I will not bring discredit upon the good cause, I am ready to sign the pledge this minute. And I would like to put underneath, "Kate's triumph"; but I suppose I must not! Yet it's true all the same.'

Work That 'Has to be Done.'

(Pansy, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

It sometimes seems to me that the people most in need of pity in this world are those Christians who have a wrong idea not only of prayer, but of life and service. One of them writes to me after this manner:

'I want to do something in the world, something grand that would help a lot of people; but the trouble is, I have so much home work that just has to be done that it leaves me no time to do anything for Christ.'

The writer reminds me of many others who are in like condition and frame of mind.

I know, for instance, a young woman who longs to go on a foreign mission. She prays about it a great deal; when she hears of the call for workers and the feeble responses, she weeps and deplores. She cannot understand why, when she is eager to give herself to the work and the need is so great, her way should be hedged. Sometimes this makes her feel that prayer is not what she has been taught to believe, and that God doesn't care very much either for her or for the heathen.

That is a balder way of putting it than she uses, but it is really what her words mean. She quotes Scripture glibly. She has marked and learned all verses like these: 'Ask and ye shall receive,' 'If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it,' 'Before they call I will answer,' and, detaching them from their connections, presents them as reasons why God is bound to send her on a foreign mission; and yet he doesn't do it!

That is her standpoint. From mine, foreign missions have come to her and taken up their abode in her father's kitchen.

There labors one, 'Wong,' by name, who struggles with foreign words and foreign ideas all day long. He makes a thousand mistakes, many of them ludicrous, some of them exasperating; but he is pathetically eager to learn. Part of this would-be foreign missionary's work is to train Wong to do properly certain household tasks not interesting in themselves, and, from Wong's point of view, most unnecessary. How does she do it? She is so sharp with her directions, so rapid in her speech, so free to say 'stupid!' and 'idiot!' and kindred words of which Wong has too surely learned the meaning, and is so bored by the whole weary round of homely work, that the hours which the two of them spend together are the most trying ones of the day to both teacher and pupil.

If Wong were told that his teacher was a missionary whose duty and privilege it was to teach him right ways, it is quite certain he would reply, 'Me no likee missionary.' But why is it that my friend cannot see in Wong God's answer to her prayer, and her golden opportunity for service?

I know another young woman who planned her life quite to her mind. She was to be a teacher of children, like unto none that had ever before been known. Her ideas put in practice were to revolutionize not only methods, but character. She was not to be satisfied merely with imparting that which can be had from books. She believed, she said, that children could be led to Christ as naturally as rosebuds can be trained to bloom, if only the right sort of culture were given them. She meant to prove it, and to do it in the slums among the neglected ones of earth.

Just as she was ready to put her charming ideas into practice, her brother's wife died, leaving two children with so manifestly no one but herself to take a woman's part in caring for them that, reluctant as she was, she could not close her eyes to the obligation.

She is at work in that home, closely held and hourly fretted by home duties which prevent her from taking even an afternoon class in the free kindergarten down-town, where her souls longs to be.

And the kindergarten in her own home she is managing on a system of continual faultfinding and nagging, to such an extent that, unless a merciful Providence interposes, there will by and by be two ruined lives. As I watch the warping and twisting of those two young lives holding great possibilities, I am reminded of the one who said, 'When the Christian woman got hold of the boy Robert Moffat and saved him, she saved a continent!'

What might not this Christian girl do for God and the world by winning those two children and training them for service? Why does she not see in the opportunity God's answer to her prayer, instead of calling herself 'thwarted' and held in by home work that 'just HAS to be done'?

While we are on this subject, I may as well tell you of a sixteen-year-old young woman who longs to go to an Old Ladies' Home she knows of, and read and sing to certain of the poor old ladies there. It is a beautiful thought. The young girl has prayed much about it, and she believes that her prayer ought to be answered. But it happens that Thursday is the appointed day for such service in that particular Home, and Thursday is the only day on which the young maiden cannot arrange to go. This condition of things she considers so strange that she wonders what is the use of praying at all, if 'even God cannot plan so that people who want to do nice things won't be hindered.'

Now let me tell you something very strange. In that maiden's home is a dear grandmother with sweet old face and silver hair, who sits in a lovely room day after day, much alone. Her eyes are old, and will not bear much reading; she loves music, but the day has gone by when she can sing. She is the very idol of her son's heart; but he is a busy man, and can give his mother only a few precious minutes after the day's toil is over. And the pretty granddaughter, who can sing like a lark, and is taking lessons in elocution, leaves to her loneliness the dear grandmother whom she loves, and sits and mourns because God does not answer her prayer and give her a chance to sing and to read to certain old women in the Home!

How many years is it going to take our Christian young women to learn that one's own home is the most sacred place of service that God has for his chosen?

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of March 26, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Merger Decision—The 'Nation,' New York.
Happy Ceylon—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Indian Government and Preference—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Recent Cabinet Changes: Statement by Mr. Balfour—The 'Standard,' London.
The Power and Purpose of Japan—By Baron Suyematsu, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
Ahead of Any Country in the World.
Herbert Spencer and Japan—London 'Times' Tokio Correspondent.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The 'Meleager' at Harvard—Correspondence of the Springfield 'Republican.'
Trials of Choirmasters—The New York 'Tribune.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

March—Sonnet, from the 'Tribune,' New York.
Three Lovely Lyrics by Thomas Carew.
The Psalms—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Adventures of Elizabeth in Ruegen—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
At the Sign of the Pillow—By John o'London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
When Thompson-Seton's Ernest—By J. G., in 'Life.'
Life in a Garrison Town—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Two Books on Canada—The 'Times,' London.
Howell's Familiar Letters—The 'Literary World,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

Bushido, the Japanese Ethical Code—By Alfred Stead, in the 'Monthly Review,' London. Abridged.
The Irritating Male: Is He Curable?—Artemis, in the 'King,' London.
The Weather Plant: Storms and Earthquakes Foretold—English Papers.
Science Notes.

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Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

'Speak kind words to her, my child,' the angel whispered. 'She is wearied with all that she has done for you, and she needs your love.'

So Chrissie went up to the tired teacher, and taking her hand, said—

'I am sorry you are tired; may I sit by you a little and show you my new picture-book?' She was half afraid directly she had spoken, but the governess had tears in her eyes as she said—

'Chrissie, dear, I would rather have you than any one. I did not think you would care to stay in with a dull person like me,' and our little friend was more than repaid.

Other things of love and kindness the angel taught her to do, and at last he said: 'I have something more to show you, little Christobel. You do not know of little broken-hearted children sunk in sin and shame. You do not know of poverty and weary sickness, where there is no kind heart to comfort or to care. Come, Christobel; I will show you.'

And much more quickly than Christobel would have deemed it possible, had she not been dreaming, she found herself far away from the sunny garden, and in the dark street of a crowded city. People were hurrying hither and thither. They all looked poor, and many looked miserable as well. She was half afraid to be there; but looking up, she saw the angel looking down upon her, and she felt strong to go forward.

'I will take care of you,' he said, 'be not afraid.'

At last they stopped at the door of a house which was poorer to look at than any that Christobel had yet seen.

'Surely no one lives here?' she said.

'Listen,' replied the angel, and Chrissie heard rough voices from within and angry words. No one opened the door, but with the angel it seemed possible to enter anywhere.

Two boys were fighting angrily. They were wretchedly ragged and dirty, and Christobel noticed how thin they both were. A little four-year old girl stood by, shivering with fear, and crying bitterly; and on the floor, a little way off, the angel pointed out to Christobel the cause of the dispute. It was only an old crust, yet these poor starved little boys were half killing each other for the precious morsel, which they had snatched from their sister's hand.

'Oh don't!' Chrissie cried—'don't. I will give you some pennies if you won't fight, and you can buy bread.'

They stopped, and looked at her almost startled.

'Here, I have only five pennies, but take them and get some food. Oh! I wish I could do more,' she

CHRISSIE PULLED THE CHUDDAH OVER HER HEAD.

said as the tears ran down her face.

'God will help you,' the angel said as the three poor children ran off together. They had forgotten their quarrel with little Chrissie's kindness. Then the angel led her away to another house—up many flights of rickety stairs, and into a dark, cheerless room. At first Christobel could not see anything; but at last in one corner she saw a mattress, and on the mattress what she took to be a bundle of rags. She was turning away, when the angel gently put his hand on her shoulder.

'Wait,' he said; and as Chrissie looked he lifted a corner of the torn covering and showed her a little girl of her own age; but oh! so different. She was wasted with fever and looked so white and still that little Christobel thought she must be dead.

But a low moan escaped from the parched lips, and the sunken eyes opened and looked up at her.

'Poor little girl!' Chrissie said very softly, 'Oh, I am so sorry—what can I do?' she asked, turning to the angel.

'You can dip that rag in water,' he answered, 'and damp her lips'—and Chrissie did so, wondering at the look of gratitude on the worn little face below her; and then she sat down by the little girl's bed and laid her cool little hand on the child's forehead, who repaid her with one of the sweetest smiles Chrissie had ever seen. 'I have longed to see some one like you,' the girl whispered in a thick, harsh voice, 'I did not think I should see an angel before I died.'

Chrissie looked up at the angel, smiling.

'No, she has not seen me,' he said, 'she means you. She has never known kindness, poor child; but we must soon pass on.'

'Oh, you will not leave me,' the sick child moaned as Chrissie stood up, 'you don't know what it is to have your angel-face beside me.'

'Oh, let me stay,' Chrissie cried to the angel, as the dying child feebly clung to her hand. 'How can we leave her here? Oh, can I not do something to make her well and happy?'

'No,' answered the angel, 'but wait, and thou shalt see.'

The evening sun was shining now through the dusty window, and the sick girl turned her head towards the sunshine, and as Christobel watched her, she saw that the tired look had suddenly left her, and instead a look of joy and expectancy lighted up her face.

Full upon her the sun shone, and as she stretched out her thin arms, she cried, 'Oh, I'm so happy you've come for me at last.'

(To be concluded.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Judge's Story.

(M. Lane Griffin, in 'Australian Spectator.')

A touching little story was recently told me by an old Judge who lives in a large city. His office is on a side street, from which enter—coming from the adjoining country road—the farmers' truck waggons with produce for the market. During idle moments, the Judge reads by his office window that overlooks the market place, and he often noticed a little lame girl at a stand on the street near the market entrance leave her stand and hobble on her crutch to one after another of the country waggons halted at the hitching posts. She would carefully lift the ragged collar and gearing on the animals, and, after inspection of each, go back to her stand again.

'When I had noticed this from time to time for a period covering several months,' said Judge ———, 'curiosity got the best of me one day, and I walked down to the corner, determined to learn what so interested the lame girl in all the farm animals that were hitched along the market entrance. A miserable old waggon had just driven up. The farmer hitched his lean horse, gathered up his vegetables and passed with them into the market. The moment he was out of sight, the little lame girl limped to the old horse, and deftly lifted his harness here and there, peeping under it as she did so; as she raised the collar, I saw revealed a great, raw, ugly sore. This was evidently what she was in quest of, for her next move was to take from a round, wooden box that she held, a large lump of soft-looking stuff, with which she carefully and completely covered the sore; then readjusting the collar in a way to prevent its pressing on the sore, she was about to resume her seat at the stand when the farmer appeared. He smiled at her, took two small apples from his basket and handed them to her, saying 'Here's your toll, Bonny.' She thanked him, and seemed delighted to get them, but instead of eating them herself, she gave both to the horse, watched him eat them with apparent pleasure, patted his neck, and then went back to her stand.

'As she tied up some trinkets I bought of her, I asked why she had taken such an interest in the old horse. She looked at me quickly and suspiciously, but evidently seeing in my face neither idle curiosity nor ridicule (of which I afterwards learned she stood in great dread) she told me her simple little story.

'"You see, sir, I'm the King's Daughter," she said, pointing with pride to a tiny silver badge on the breast of her shabby little gown. "But I'm lame an' I have to sell things here to make our livin' so I can't go anywhere to try to do some good; but I see all of the waggons that come to this corner, an' oh, some of the poor animals have such dreadful sores on their backs and necks, made by saddles and collars when they have to drag loads over such bad roads, an' when they stand still here the flies nearly drive them crazy on the sores; so I look at all of 'em that come, an' when I see a bad sore, I take a big lump out of my box, an' plaster it on so thick that it can't rub off, an' nearly always enough will stick on long enough to keep the flies away till the place can heal."

'As she lifted the top from her greasy little box for my inspection I saw it was a common box of axle grease, and asked why she used that. "Why, 'cause," she said, "it's so healin'; it's made out of tar and tallow you know, an' a whole box full don't cost but five cents, and sometimes one will last a whole month an' cure all the sores on the corner."

'Many times,' said the Judge, I recall her earnest, pinched little face, and think how much suffering might be spared in this world, how many galling wounds healed, if, like that little King's Daughter, each of us, in our own little corner of life, would anoint the sores that pass our way.'

Tabitha Prim.

Tabitha Prim is very demure,
Tabitha Prim is gray,
And her ways are good, and always right,
She never goes astray.

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The Little Widows.

(By G. F. Woodbury).

There's a little girl over in India
No bigger nor older than I,
Who never laughs nor smiles at all;
I'm sure you wonder why.

I just can't understand it myself,
How such a thing could be;
For little girls, all over the world
Should be happy, it seems to me.

I think God wants us to laugh and smile
(At proper times, you know),
For he made the beautiful sun to smile
On this beautiful world below.

But this little girl, no bigger than I,
So sad, across the sea,
Is a widow already,—'tis true, they say,—
How strange it seems to me!

I can't understand it myself at all.
A widow's an outcast, they say;
No home, no friends, and no one to love,
Just hated and in the way.

She didn't choose to be widow, or wife,
Or betrothed, our dear teacher said,
But a widow's a widow indeed, over there,
If husband or lover is dead.

This little girl, no bigger than I,
Is not alone in her grief;
For twenty millions like her wait to die,
As their only hope of relief.

Unloved, unloving, they pine in their pain,
No hope when they go to their grave;
So strange, don't you think? that this can be,
Since Jesus has died to save!

But the beautiful story of Jesus. love,
They're just beginning to tell
In India's darkened, sin-blighted land,
Where the little widows dwell.

I sometimes wonder, tho' I'm very small,
If, perhaps, in a long, long while,
God will want me to go and try to help
The little widows to smile.

—'The King's Messengers.'

LESSON III.—APRIL 17.

Jesus Transfigured.

Mark ix., 2-13.

Golden Text.

A voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him. Mark ix., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 11.—Mark ix., 2-13.
Tuesday, April 12.—Luke ix., 18-27.
Wednesday, April 13.—Dan. vii., 9-16.
Thursday, April 14.—Ezek. i., 15-28.
Friday, April 15.—Rev. i., 10-20.
Saturday, April 16.—Rev. xiv., 12-20.
Sunday, April 17.—Luke ix., 28-36.

2. And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them.

3. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them.

4. And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus.

5. And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

6. For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid.

7. And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and . . . a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear . . . him.

8. And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

9. And as they came down from the mountain, he charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen . . . from the dead.

10. And they kept that saying . . . with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising . . . from the dead should mean.

11. And they asked him, saying, Why say the scribes . . . that Elias must first come?

12. And he answered and told them, Elias verily cometh first, and restoreth all things; and how it is written of the Son of man, that he must suffer many things, and be set at nought.

13. But I say unto you, That Elias is indeed come, and they have . . . done unto him whatsoever they listed, . . . as it is written of him.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

At the very outset we meet an apparent difficulty in this lesson. The question naturally arises as to the time the Transfiguration occurred, and we find, in comparing the accounts given in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, that the last named writer speaks of the events of this lesson as 'about eight days after these sayings,' while the first two simply say, 'And after six days.' Like many other difficulties of this character, it disappears after a little study. Matthew and Mark evidently refer to the time intervening between the event last recorded and the departure for the scene of the Transfiguration, while Luke seems to speak inclusively, that is, he has in mind the time during which Jesus has been presenting the 'sayings' to which Luke refers, which would thus be more than the six days of the other two synoptists.

The place is not named, and is uncertain. Tradition has long said Mt. Tabor, but the circumstances would point rather to Mt. Hermon, which was nearer Caesarea Philippi, where we last found Christ. Read also Matthew xvii., 1-13, and Luke ix., 28-36.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 2, 3. 'And leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves,' etc. There are two leading thoughts in these two verses.

The location is not given. Had this been a merely human event, recorded by uninspired men, we would probably have had the exact spot indicated; and to-day it would be suitably marked, so that imaginative pilgrims might stand there and try to picture the scene. How much grander the divine way of leaving out needless detail. The Transfiguration was not a matter of Mt. Tabor or Mt. Hermon, but of Christ. We do not know what ancient hill was lighted by the radiant Christ, but we do know the grander fact, that upon that day this earth held its glorified Lord as he received the heavenly messengers and the voice of divine approval.

Again, Peter, James and John, the three so often mentioned together, were taken 'apart by themselves,' with their Lord. It was not on the crowded shores of Galilee, in the sacred temple at Jerusalem, nor even in the home of either, but this glimpse of Christ's glory was caught when they were taken apart from the common haunts of men. Have you ever rebelled or complained when the Master would lead you up some rugged bypath of the mountain, away from your dearest earthly matters, without letting you know the reason? If so, you may have missed the vision and the glory that come to those who go apart with their Lord.

4-6. 'And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses.' You notice it says, 'unto them,' not 'unto him.' The vision was made theirs as well as Christ's.

Peter, evidently overcome and 'sore afraid' with the other two, still must relieve the tension upon his impulsive soul, by voicing a wish. He would make a tabernacle, or tent, for each of the three glorified ones before his eyes, so that they might remain. Luke says Peter said this as Christ's heavenly visitors were parting from him, and that he did not know what he was saying, as Mark also says 'he wist not what to say.'

7. 'And a voice came out of the cloud.' Poor Peter's well meant but confused suggestion was passed unanswered. A cloud suddenly shadowed them. John says, 'a bright cloud,' and Luke adds that 'they feared as they entered into the cloud.' It was an hour of rare blessing for the three disciples, yet calling forth the reverent and fearful awe that divine manifestations inspire. Again Christ is recognized by his Father before men. And the command is given to 'hear him.'

8-10. 'He charged them that they should tell no man.' Suddenly the scene resumed its natural appearance, with no one there but Christ, and as they came down from the mountain with him he charged them to keep to themselves the glorious scene they had witnessed, until after his Resurrection. The devout soul, in our day as in that of Peter, James, and John, sometimes is made a sharer in divine secrets that 'that natural man receiveth not.' The Transfiguration must not be published now, when it might be a cause of confusion, but, in the light of the Resurrection it would be better understood. Thus one event of Scripture illumines another.

11-13. 'Why say the scribes that Elias must first come?' The identity of Christ was not a question in their minds, but they were troubled to reconcile his presence with the prophecy of Malachi iv., 5, 6. You see that even his nearest disciples were troubled by perplexing questions of prophecy. Christ, however, shows that Elijah (Elias) will indeed come; but in the person of John the Baptist, Christ had a forerunner also at his first coming. This is an example of 'the law of double reference' in the application of prophecy.

In making this explanation Christ also called attention to his approaching death, which terrible event their recent exalted hour must not be allowed to drive from their minds, lest they be overwhelmed by its coming. Their range of experience, like that of Christians since, included now the glory of the Mount of Transfiguration, now the gloom of Calvary, and now the joy of the Resurrection.

The lesson for April 24 is, 'The Mission of the Seventy.' Luke x., 1-16.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 17.—Topic—How Christ transforms lives. Rom. xii., 1, 2; Phil iii., 20, 21.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW THE CHINESE WORSHIP.

Monday, April 11.—God's command. Ex. xx., 3-6.

Tuesday, April 12.—'Take good heed.' Deut. iv., 15-19.

Wednesday, April 13.—Forgetting God. Ps. xliv., 20, 21.

Thursday, April 14.—'Wholly given to idolatry.' Acts xvii., 16.

Friday, April 15.—'A god that cannot save.' Isa. xlv., 20.

Saturday, April 16.—Making a god. Isa. xlvi., 6, 7.

Sunday, April 17.—Topic—How the Chinese worship. Acts xvii., 22, 23; Matt. xxviii., 19, 20.

A Decision Day Warning.

From the Rev. John T. Faris, of Mount Carmel, Illinois, comes the following timely and significant incident.

Some years ago a bright girl of twelve heard the invitation to confess Christ given from the pulpit. Later in the day she shyly told her pastor she was ready, and asked if she might unite with the church. A moment's conversation convinced him of her readiness, and he promised to talk with her parents. Next day her father positively refused to permit her to take the step. He said he thought she had better wait a few years.

On the day before that announced for the reception of members the pastor was in the child's home. While he waited for the parents to come into the room, the four-year-old sister talked to him.

'Mary feels so bad to-day,' she prattled. 'She does want to join so much. Why can't Mary join?'

Oh, the pity of it! the father blinded by prejudice, while his baby daughter sympathized with her sister in her grief.

If only that father—and other fathers like him—could hear the bitter cry of an earnest Christian mother as she talked with her pastor of a wayward son! She had been telling of her longing to have him with her in the church.

'Oh, why did I not encourage him, when, as a child of ten, he told me he wanted to join the church!' she said. His teacher had talked to him. Others in the class were ready, and he said he too was ready. But I persuaded him to wait a year or two. Obediently he waited. He is waiting still. He will not listen to me when I mention the church to him. What a mistake I made!'—'S.S. Times.'

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A County With a Good Character.

Edwards county, commonly known as 'Little Britain,' because it is one of the oldest counties in the State, and which was originally peopled with Englishmen to a large extent, is proud of the fact that it has $11,000 in its treasury. A few years ago a fine new court house was built, and within ten minutes after the contractor turned over the keys the full amount of the contract price was handed to him. The county is also noted for the number of substantial bridges, all of iron, as the public will not allow the construction of wood. There is not a single prisoner confined in the county jail, nor has there been for several years. The jail is used exclusively as a shelter for tramps during the winter season. The county almshouse is without a single inmate. The circuit court in that model county seldom lasts over two days, owing to the remarkable absence of litigation. In the past two years there has not been a single criminal case tried there, and but one jury trial in all that time, and that was brought by a man who sued his mother-in-law for alienating his wife's affections. The county has not sent a prisoner to the penitentiary in thirty years, a record perhaps unequalled. In thirty years there has been but one saloon in the county, and that was operated but a single year. All of the enviable system of improvements has been achieved without the ordinary sources of revenue enjoyed by other counties. It is the envy of all neighboring counties and is doubtless unique in the United States. —'Kansas City Leader.'

Strong Drink and The Home

The 'Cleveland Press,' in a late issue, prints a story of Mrs. E. Stafford, who came as complaining witness against her husband, whose weakness, if we may charitably call it that, was for strong drink. On the stand she cried bitterly, and when her husband approached her, she drew back, crying, 'No, no, Ed, I have lost my faith in you, I am afraid of you.' 'My heart is breaking, Ed,' she said, looking at him once, and then turning away her eyes. 'Judge,' she continued, 'he does not know what he is doing when he's in drink. Before the policeman came he seized me by the throat and said that he would kill me. I broke away and screamed. He spends all his money for drink, while I work out to support our little girl. This week he even took two dollars from me for liquor. I had earned that money by hard work, and my daughter and I needed it. But that made no difference to him. A week after our last baby was born, we knew it could not live. Yet, as I lay in bed, he struck me in the face. You see, nothing made any difference to him when he was drunk. Baby died a week later.'

We do not select this instance as having anything particularly remarkable about it. In every city, and about every day, the newspapers will furnish half a dozen such records, and no one who attends the sessions of the police courts can fail to discover that such tragedies are the order of the hour there. Almost any morning one can read of brutes in human form who dole out five cents or a dime a day to supply wife and children with bread, in many instances denying them even that, and leaving them to absolute starvation. Not content with starving them, they treat those who should be their loved ones,—the children who ought to receive a father's care, and the wives whom they promised before God to love and to cherish for evermore,—with fiendish cruelty. The matter is not all on one side, either. Just this morning we read, as we came to our office, the account of two applications for divorce,—men who proved that their wives, through constant intoxication, made life unendurable to them. These women had attacked their husbands like furies, abused them, and driven them from their houses, while neglecting their home duties.

It will be asked why we make mention of such well-known and somewhat trite matters as these. They are commonplace enough, Heaven knows, and the danger is that because they are so frequent we shall lose sight of the daily terror and the awful horror all around us. One's blood just boils when one stops to think of such daily happenings. It is a little difficult to see how so-called 'good citizens' and legislators, in view of such atrocities, can calmly sit and debate about personal liberty, sumptuary legislation, paternalism in government, and the innocence of moderation in drink. There are more tragedies going on in countless homes than were ever written by Euripides or Shakespeare. No one who has human feelings as a man can look at this destruction of domestic happiness, this breaking of human hearts, this diabolizing of men's natural affections, this abuse of womanhood and childhood, this perversion of wifely love, without being roused to a hot and enduring wrath against such a destroyer as is the deadly poison of the stills.—The 'Western Christian Advocate.'

A Chapter From Life.

Mr. Depew once said, in an address to railway men: 'It has been a study with me to mark the course of the boys, in every grade of life, who started with myself—to see what has become of them. I counted them over, and the lesson was most instructive. Some of them became clerks, some merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, or doctors. It is remarkable that every one of them that had drinking habits is now dead—not a single one of my age now living. Except a few who were taken off by sickness, every one has proved a wreck, and has wrecked his family, and did it from rum and whiskey and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, industrious and hard-working men, and frugal and thrifty, every one, without exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling, rum, or drink, he seems to care for nothing; all his finer feelings are stifled, and ruin only is the end.'

Even men who themselves drink will give this sort of advice to others; and when they have to employ others, will prefer, without hesitation, the man who is known to abstain. Such a man is more trusted because he can trust himself. He has acquired the habit of self-control, and no temptation can allure him.—'Well-spring.'

The Temperance Harvest.

We have lingered by the flowers and loitered all too long,
There is work for hands like ours—hands that are young and strong.
There is need of muscles steady—and of willing hearts and true,
For the harvest fields are ready, and the laborers are few.

Let us drop our wreaths and roses—let us leave this useless life;
When another morn uncloses, let us seek the field of strife.
We will reap upon the meadows—we will gather in the sheaves—
We will show, as evening shadows, better things than withered leaves.

Hark! The hungry worm defies us, gnawing in the golden grain!
If we let this day go by us, it will never come again.
Forward then, each son and daughter, for the harvest battlefield,
With your sickles of cold water, reap and bind and never yield.

I can hear the roll of thunder, in the distance far away;
Onward to the ripe fields yonder—there is work for us to-day.
We must unite together in a grand and mighty one;
Reap and bind, defying weather, till the setting of the sun.

Bring your sickles—faster, faster; gather in the sheaves from harm!
Know you not the gracious Master waits to take them to His arm?
Workers, do you know your wages? 'tis for each a starry crown!
You shall wear it through all ages when the light of heaven shines down.

Let the whole free air be ringing, let the echoes rise and fall
With the echoes we are singing—songs of 'Down with Alcohol.'
Onward, then, be firm and steady, there is work for all to do,
For the harvest fields are ready, and the laborers are few.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Is It Courageous?

Many young men drink because it seems to them a brave thing to do. They feel a manly independence in it. As a matter of fact, it is not courage, but cowardice, that leads many of them to it. Some one invites them to take a drink, and they are afraid to refuse, or there is a crowd about them, and they do not want to seem timid. They think that to retain the respect of the crowd they must do as the crowd is doing. But probably the whole crowd is just following one or two leaders, and the real heart of the leaders may be only a coward's heart. These are the very times when principles are worth something, and when the man who says, 'I will not,' will stand out as the man of true courage.

A Philanthropic Policeman.

A certain Belfast policeman, when in the neighborhood of a saloon, and often asked 'What will you have to drink?' was wont to draw out a collecting-card and say, 'I want nothing to drink, but instead of that just give me a shilling for the Church Missionary Society.' One day he met with one of the many who say, 'Oh, I don't believe in foreign missions; I never give anything to them.' 'You are just the man I've been looking for,' said the policeman; and pulling out another card said, 'Then you won't mind contributing to the Mission for Seamen?' In this way that man collected $220 from over 300 people.—'Missionary Review.'

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Correspondence

KINDNESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—A good many of you have been thinking a good deal about kindness lately, and weighing your thoughts and deeds to see how they measure up to the Royal law. There are two or three things that need guarding against when you are trying to be kind. First, do not try to be kind at the expense of truth. True kindness has no dealings with falsehood. If you know that a person is persistently doing something wrong, do not say that he is all right, 'just so as to be kind.' Sincerity is the truest kindness.

Do not try to be kind at the expense of honesty. Do not give away what is not yours to give. If you see persons in need, try to earn something to help them with, or try to help them to earn something for themselves. Be kind and generous with what is your own but not with anything that you owe to someone else.

Do not try to be kind at the expense of justice and honor. If you know of some wrongdoing that ought to be punished, do not try to hide it or shield it, for in so doing you may be only encouraging someone to go on in sin and deceitfulness until he gets beyond hope. If one is doing anything wilfully wrong it is far better to have it come to the light and bear the just punishment and forsake the sin, than to have it go on in hidden pollution until it destroys the soul forever.

Keeping all these things in mind, we still invite you to join the Royal League of Kindness.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Brown City, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I was eight years old the 27th of January. I have two sisters, Vera and Bertha. Vera was five on Nov. 26, and Bertha was two on Feb. 5. My mama died last July, so Vera and I live with a kind Christian lady here at Brown City, and our little sister Bertha is with papa's auntie in the city of Petoskey, nearly three hundred miles from here. We hope some time to be together again. We get the 'Messenger' from our Sunday-school, and I do like to have papa read the letters to me. I can read and write a little, but not very well, so my papa is writing this for me. We had a nice time at Christmas. We got some nice presents. Papa, who had been away for nearly three months, came home the night before Christmas, and brought us each a nice doll and other nice things. Now I must close, or you will think papa has been helping me.

VERDELLA K.

Brussels, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very interested in the continued stories in the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.' We have taken them so long, we would not do without them. I spent my Christmas holidays at my grandpa's. His name is Mr. William B. He is eighty-four years of age, and was born the same year as the late Good Old Queen Victoria. He has taken the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' for a long time.

I had a very enjoyable visit. I had lots of fun playing and sleigh-riding, etc. Last, but not least, a grand ride on the G.T.R. It took us six and a half hours to go fifty miles. Thanks to the G.T.R. I think 'Buck' and 'Bright' could go almost as fast, and one man could drive, punch tickets and do all necessary things, thus saving the company a lot of expense.

JEMINA ELLEN E. (aged 12).

Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and think there is no paper to be compared to it, especially for young people. I like the correspondence part the best, and I never miss reading any of the stories. I will be sorry when 'Daph and Her Charge' is finished, for I feel as if I would like to follow Daph and the children forever. I had heard of the story before, but had never read it.

I am one of a family of nine, five girls and four boys. I have one brother in Minnesota and another in North Dakota. We live on a farm about three miles from the nearest town and station. In this town there is a collegiate institute, and there I attend school during the week and come home on Saturdays. I like going very much. My chief school friend is a little girl, and her name is Jessie, aged fourteen years, who also attends the Collegiate.' We have five teachers. I like them all very much. My favorite studies are: Latin, French, algebra, and geometry, although the one I love best is French.

I am very fond of music, but I have never taken any lessons, as I find that I have not time to attend to it rightly and also continue my school studies. I have read a good many books, and I am at present reading one entitled 'A New Graft on the Family Tree,' by 'Pansy.' I hope you will not consider me too old to write to the 'Correspondence,' for most of those whose letters I see are younger than I.

ETHEL H. S. C. (aged 15).

Bothwell Hill, Ulverton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am sending thirty cents to renew my 'Messenger.' My sister and I cannot do without it. I live three miles from Ulverton. It is only a small village. We have two churches, the Methodist and Congregational. We attend the Congregational. I wish you a very prosperous year, and hope you will continue to write lots of nice stories for our 'Messenger,' as I am fond of reading.

AMY B. (aged 9).

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and my birthday is on June 4. Mamma was born in Canada. My auntie in Boston sends me the 'Northern Messenger.' I have two sisters and one brother.

ALICE C.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I came over to see Alice this afternoon, and Alice's mother told me about the letters that have been in the 'Northern Messenger,' and so I thought I would write a letter, too. I have one brother and one sister. My brother is seventeen months old. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on June 14. I liked the story of 'Tommy Jones's Dollar' very much. I live two blocks from the Sunday-school.

GRACE E.

Tullahoma, Tenn.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. My birthday is on July 18. I go to the public school. I am in the second grade. I go to Sunday-school. My papa is foreman at the Sanders' Manufacturing Co. I have two brothers and little twin sisters; their names are Eva and Treva. They are five months old.

LENORE H.

Elmwood, Kings Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl eleven years old. My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I read it, and like it very much. I think it is just the paper for young folks. We keep the Elmwood Post-Office. I have two sisters and five brothers. We have had a very cold and stormy winter. With best wishes to the 'Messenger' and its readers,

G. M. T.

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter in one of the 'Messengers' from my cousin, Bessie C. B., Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.

Brookline is situated about four miles from Boston. It is a town of 21,000 inhabitants, and is large enough to be a city, but the people prefer a town government. Brookline contains a number of fine buildings, among which is a public bath house. It is a large building containing a tank seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The water at the highest point is eight and one-half feet deep, and four feet at the lowest point. All the school children can have twelve lessons in swimming and diving free. A new manual training school was finished last year for the use of the high school pupils. We have a town hall, a police station, a large number of public schools, several banks and a public library. I take a great many books from the library, as I am very fond of reading. My favorite author is 'Pansy.' I have read nearly all her books. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

BESSIE M. B.

Elginburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and two brothers younger than I am. I have two grandmothers and two grandfathers, and two great-grandmothers, one of whom is eighty-nine years old, and the other one is very nearly one hundred years old.

EDITH M.B.

Round Hill, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I was born at Lake Le Rose, but I live in Round Hill now with my grandpa and grandma. My mamma is dead. She died when I was eighteen months old. I have two brothers living two half-brothers and a half-sister. I was twelve years old on Dec. 6.

N. B. R.

Swan Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—My father is a storekeeper. He was the first merchant in Swan Lake. I was born here, and I am here yet. I am twelve years old, and have a pony and a big sleigh to hitch him in.

WILFRED E. P.

Hymer's P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bagster Bible you sent me for getting four new subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.' It is a nice present for doing so little work. It has nice large print. The maps are fine in the back of it. I am not going to school, as there is none. I am in the junior fourth reader. I have three brothers and three sisters. Two of my brothes are older than my-self. There are quite a few mountains around here. I live in the Township of Gillies, about 29 miles from Port Arthur.

CLARENCE P. (aged 11).

Staney Brae, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live about a quarter of a mile from Lake Joseph. We have two old horses and a colt two years old, and a colt one year old. The colt that is one year old belongs to me, and I call her by the name of Nellie. I live on a farm, and go to school. My birthday is on May 10.

G. McL.

Stony Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible on Jan. 14, and I am very pleased with it. I would like to correspond with some girl that is my age. I have three brothers and one sister, older, and one younger. I have four half-sisters and two half-brothers married.

ALMEDA B. (aged 12.)

Kirkland, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. When we read it we send it to our cousin. I have three brothers and two sisters. It is not over two minutes' walk from our place to the school-house. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and church every Sunday. We live about a mile from the church. I have one grandfather and one grandmother living. I belong to the Mission Band. It meets every month at the manse. I also belong to the Temperance Army.

ANNIE E. G. (aged 10).

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

(Lina Orman Cooper, author of 'Our Home Laundry,' etc., etc.)

SILK LAUNDRY.

Nowadays silk is such an ordinary part of our daily wear, that any series dealing with laundry work would be incomplete unless special attention was paid to the subject of how to wash and make it up. Many of us swathe our infants in nothing but silk. We have learned that it is a good non-conductor of heat, and we put our infants into tiny shirts and bandages of silk instead of into linen webbing or woollen binders. Then, we have further proved that silk is more economical a wear than any other, though its initial cost may seem heavy. We also like the feel of silken fabrics and the soft folds into which it falls.

Yet even the most ardent supporters for a silk outfit must feel that its treatment at an ordinary washhouse is most deplorable. The lovely, slightly stiffened articles we have sent out, return in a wispy, raggy condition. Or, if the silk retains its sheen and crispness, we have to pay double for its making up to what we are charged for similar garments made in linen or cotton. This points to the fact that there is a special art and secret in washing silk. That secret I will impart to you in this paper. It is a valuable one!

If you remember, I said that one of the necessities in a home laundry was a packet of best gum-arabic. It is needed because we have to deal with silk so often. Take one ounce of this, and melt it in half a pint of boiling water. When clear strain through muslin, and put into a bottle with a good stopper. It will keep any length of time if the cork really fits, and, as we use but little, that is a good thing.

In order to prevent the yellowness which so often pervades white silk, we must first soak it for some hours in cold water with which we have previously mixed a little dissolved borax. One tablespoonful of the borax mixture to one gallon of water are the right quantities.

When about to manipulate be sure the washing water is only lukewarm. If hot the color will also be affected. In this water some soap jelly is mixed. Never 'rub' silk. Wash by squeezing and sousing, moving gently in the lukewarm bath. Otherwise, as silk is a very delicate fabric, it will fray at every seam and join. When quite clean rinse out in warm water. This water must be pure if the garments are cream color. If they be white handkerchiefs a squeeze of blue must be added to it. Whether blue or plain, to every pint of the rinsing water must be poured a teaspoonful of the prepared gum. I hope I have made the directions plain. Perhaps I had better repeat more categorically. To the cold soaking water a tablespoonful of dissolved borax must be added. To the warm washing liquid, a handful of melted soap must be put. To the rinsing medium a squeeze of blue may be added. But to the latter a teaspoonful of prepared gum must be added. If these rules are remembered, your silken attire will look like new when finished.

But we have by no means arrived at that consummation when our frocks or shirts or neckerchiefs are rinsed. We have now to wring them out carefully, and there is an art in wringing as well as in almost everything else that is worth doing. Most amateurs use their hands in this operation most feebly. The right way is to put your elbows against your waist, with both of the palms uppermost. Hold the wet article in the right while you wring with your left, turning it round and round the left wrist with an easily acquired twist as the water is expelled. It is futile to try and wring out moisture with the palms under the garment and the back of hand visible.

It is unnecessary to dry silk. It has to be ironed wet. This is why a silk wash may be attempted when time would be too short to wash anything else. A blouse or frock can be washed and ironed and made ready for wear in half an hour!

When rinsed out of the gum water, the silk must be folded into a soft cloth and well patted, then laid very smoothly on the ironing board or table. Under it must be spread a thick blanket covered with a good clean cloth. This cloth should be tacked into place, as the smallest wrinkle may result in disaster to the silk you are manipulating. Never iron on the wrong side. But be equally careful never to put the iron straight on to the damp silk. A thin piece of muslin or a very old handkerchief must be spread between the silk and the hot iron. When sufficiently dry a last rub may be given on the surface to ensure that brilliancy which is the only one quality we desire to retain in our laundred silk.

Very bright, very glossy will the material look when you have done with it, if my instructions are followed. The gum-arabic will also have given them that suspicion of stiffness which most washed silk lacks. Any smocking must be well pulled into shape 'after' ironing. I have seen it said that no smocking should have a heater passed over it. But my experience is, that unless it be ironed the smocking always looks rough, even with much pulling. Flatten it with an iron, and, as a finishing touch, pull into diamonds and honeycomb.

I wonder if all my readers are aware of the fact that all ribbons may be washed. We know how many are worn on children's hair nowadays. Well, it is quite possible to keep Rosie and Victoria and Mollie in the daintiest of hair ties if we wash the ribbons just as we do silk. In the morning after baby's bath in his soft warm water, soap the ties and rinse them out. There is no need for gum starching here, as the cotton back of most ribbons gives a sufficiently stiff foundation to them. Pat into a towel and leave for a while. Then, whilst still wet, iron on the wrong side, and your little girls' ribbons will look like new. Of course the washing ribbon proper can be bought; it is silk all through and quite soft. But its cost is about treble that of ordinary ribbon. So, as I am writing for the economically minded, and for those to whom economy is a necessity, I advise washing ordinary hair ties or neck decorations after the fashion I myself follow. It answers all practical purposes.

Choosing Toys Wisely.

(Mary G. Trask, in 'Congregationalist.')

When we think of choosing toys or play materials, we want to keep in mind the uses of play, and to inquire what toys will really help our children.

Considering first their physical development—what toys will be useful in this? Evidently the ball suggests itself at once. From babyhood on, the child wants a ball of one kind or another, and it is, I think, the only plaything that we do not 'put away' with our other 'childish things,' for we go on playing with croquet, tennis or golf balls long after we have given up other active games. Through play with the ball children exercise their muscles, and they also gain skill and precision, control over their movements and power of seeing accurately and of judging correctly of distance. Other playthings that are useful in much the same ways are marbles, bean-bags, battledoors and shuttlecocks, bows and arrows and target games, of which there are several—also the hoop for rolling.

But we must pass on to think of toys which help to satisfy the child's desire to make things. This desire is sometimes forgotten and too many elaborate toys are given, with the result that the little one soon wearies of them and breaks them up, trying to devise new combinations; and then, perhaps, he is scolded for spoiling his toys, or else he gets bad habits of carelessness and destructiveness. Blocks supply this need, and happily few children are without them, but other things have their place, too, though some of them may be better called play-materials than toys. Dissected pictures and maps come under this head for, though they do not give scope to inventiveness, they present difficulties to be overcome, and this seems one of the essentials of interest in play, as in life. They help also to develop habits of carefulness and observation.

Paper dolls and paper toys of various kinds, to be cut out and put together, give occupation and pleasure to children who are old enough to use scissors and paste, while for the very little ones there are beads for stringing, and colored papers for folding and pasting and for making paper chains. Drawing and painting materials must not be forgotten, for they fill with pleasure many an hour that might otherwise be spent in idleness or in mischief, and free hand drawing is a wonderful help to correct seeing, and therefore to clear thinking, while illustrating stories stimulates the child's inventiveness. A small blackboard is a great delight to the little inmates of the nursery.

But of all the gifts that can be bestowed upon a boy, a knife is usually the most appreciated, and can often be used with safety at an earlier age than the friends of the small boy imagine to be the case. It is well to give some pieces of thin wood at the same time, however, so that there may not be too much temptation to cut up articles not intended for that purpose.

I can only say a few words about toys that help in the understanding of life. Such are dolls, toy animals, trains, rocking-horses, tea sets and others used in imitative plays. These are the tempting things in the toy stores, and it is in selecting too elaborate and complicated gifts that mistakes are most often made.

Stevenson, in his essay on 'Children's Play,' insists that in certain ways children have less imagination than adults. They have not had the experiences which supply materials for imagination. For this reason they act out stories that they read or hear, because in so doing they come to fully understand the situations described. Some of these materials for experience are undoubtedly given by toys—dolls, dolls' houses, dishes, toy soldiers, trains, waggons, fire engines and farms. These seem to be legitimate, but the simpler and less expensive toys are almost always the most satisfactory to children. Mechanical toys really give much more pleasure to grown-up persons than to little people. They are amusing for a short time, but a toy with which you can do nothing—except to wind it up—soon palls upon the child, and then it is either laid aside and forgotten, or broken, and made to serve some new purpose.

Good Enough For Home

'Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old dress?' 'Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home,' said Lydia, hastily pinning on the soiled collar; and twisting her hair into a knot, she went to breakfast. 'Your hair is coming down,' said Emily. 'Oh, never mind; it's good enough for the home,' said Lydia carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in prettiest morning dresses, and with neat and dainty collar and cuffs; but now that she was back home again she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home. There are too many people who, like Lydia, seemed to think that anything will do for home; whereas efforts to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother, servant, kindly and courteously, are as much duties as to keep from falsehood and stealing.—'Temperance Record.'

Feeding the Wolf.

There is a costly economy which no one can afford to practice. It is the economy which sacrifices nourishing food, warm clothing, and helpful books, to the acquirement of riches. A case of this kind is shown in the account given by a New York man of his country home:—

'There stood on the kitchen shelf in the old farmhouse where I was born a stone wolf with a slot in its back. Into this slot went the savings of the family, cent by cent. Once a month my father unscrewed the wolf's back and took out the money. It all went to buy land to add to our farm. He had an ambition to be known as a large landowner, and everything was sacrificed to that. The milk, the vegetables, and the beef, which the farm produced were sold, and we children were fed upon the refuse.

'We grew up pale, weak, and sickly, and the money we saved went into the wolf's stomach. My father had a good income, but my mother did all the work without help. At forty she was an old woman. Once or twice she asked for a week's holiday or a little trip to the city. Father would consent, and then he would convince her of the extravagance of the plan. She begged that we might be sent to college, but father talked so much about the expense that she dropped the matter. She used to long for a magazine or book to read; for a chance to hear music; for some escape from the deadly barrenness of our life, but it was never given to her. The cost always had to be reckoned first, and the wolf got the money.

'The home life, which might have been wholesome and attractive, was hard, and greedy and cruel. My mother died, worn out with working to feed that hungry wolf. By and by a railway was built, which helped other parts of the country at the expense of our own neighborhood. The value of the farm decreased, and father was left with a lot of worthless land on his hands. We had sacrificed all that was best in life for it, and we got no return.'

The Housekeepers Garden.

The quantity, assortment and quality of the vegetables which a farmer grows must be determined by the tastes of his family for the products of the garden rather than by his distaste for gardening. The quantity should be sufficient to supply his table every day in the year; the assortment should include the whole category of common vegetables from asparagus to watermelons; the quality should be of the highest class.

In order to grow the necessary quantity of vegetables in a manner that will dispel rather than augment the ordinary farmer's natural dislike for gardening, it will be necessary to abandon the old practice of confining the garden to narrow limits, preparing the soil with a spading fork and steel rake and cultivating the crops with a rusty hoe. The plough must supplant the spading fork; the planker, the steel rake; the horse cultivator, the hand hoe.

The ideal assortment will begin with asparagus, rhubarb and perennial onions early in the spring, and not end until the last of the parsnips and salsify are consumed the next spring. Then the next crop of asparagus should be ready to cut. During each of the twelve months the assortment should be large and varied, and the supply continuous. Radishes, lettuce and spinach should be available before the winter onions are gone, and the asparagus should last until the green peas and early beets have reached edible size. And these should be closely followed by string beans, cabbage, and cauliflower. Then come the tomatoes, sweet corn, carrots, cucumbers, summer squash, and lima beans, followed by muskmelons, watermelons, egg plant and sweet potatoes to add to the variety in September.—'Northwest Advocate.'

Keeping Baby Warm.

A lady writes from San Francisco to the 'Household': I should be glad to tell how I manage to keep my baby warm through the night. She always would sleep with her arms out of the bed, and when she was very young, I made her a red flannel jacket to put over her nightdress; it comes a little below her waist, is buttoned down in front, the sleeves straight and full with a double hem at the wrist and an elastic cord run in, to slip over her hands, and a little ruffle left to fall over the hand; that kept her nice and warm for several months, then she began to kick off the clothes and I often found her feet bare and cold. Her papa said one morning, 'I guess you will have to make a flannel bag to put her feet in.' I acted on his suggestion, bought two yards of the heaviest all wool flannel, sewed up the sides and hemmed the top, drew in one-half of a stick of dress binding and the thing was done. At night I put on her jacket over her nightdress, then put her in the bag, feet foremost, draw it up under her arms, wind the dress binding loosely twice around, tie it and put her to bed. She can't kick off the clothes as easily as formerly, and if she does happen to, she won't suffer from cold.

AMERICAN PATENTS.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the American Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 751,523, Josph Laurin, Maisonneuve, P.Q., seam finisher for shoe sewing machine; 752,108, Alfred C. Rioux, Toronto, Ont., mower bar; 752,809, Murdock F. Sutherland, Westville, N.S., rifle sight; 753,420, Guy L. Mott, Halifax, N.S., puzzle; 753,421, Albert L. Mowry, St. John, N.B., lock nut; 753,423, John McIntosh, Alexandria, Ont., carriage pole; 753,935, Herbert M. Taylor, Hamilton, Ont., incandescent electric lamp; 754,025, Auguste St. Pierre, River Trois Pistoles, P.Q., tie plate; 754,645, Joseph DuPont, Rochester, N.Y., pneumatic tire; 755,143, John D. Landers, Winnipeg, Man., train signal; 755,484, William Hargrove, Montreal, P. Q., clothes horse.

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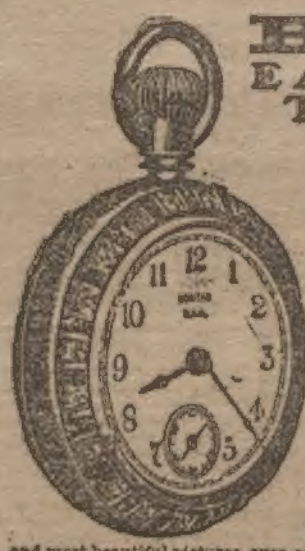

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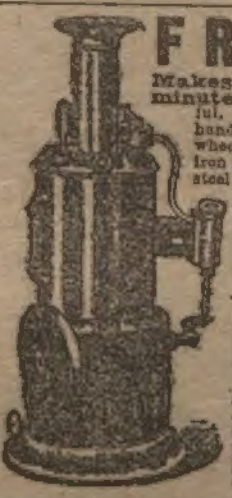
FREE STEAM ENGINE



Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a post card to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 6 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at 10c. each only 20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. Mary Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a post card to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, Moffatt, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." Prize Seed Co., Dept. 434 Toronto.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE

SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc." Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

Beautiful Presents FREE

For selling our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, the newest thing out in Jewelry. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold filigree Heart-shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. They look fully worth 25c., and you will find them lightning sellers at our introductory price of **15c.** (A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one.) Send us your name and address and we will send you postpaid, and trust you with 14 Lockets. **You can earn a Present in half an hour.** When sold return the money received and we send the Present you earn and choose from our Large Illustrated Premium List. Write at once. It costs you nothing to try. Address: **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO.,** 458 **Dept., TORONTO.**

GIRLS DON'T MISS THIS GRAND CHANCE.

9 Beautiful Presents To Every Girl FREE

We don't give you your Choice. We give you every present shown here; the handsomely engraved, Silver composition Curb Chain **Bracelet,** with Lock and key, the **beautiful little Watch,** with fancy Gold hands decorated dial reliable American works, and Solid Silver nickel case, enamelled in beautiful colors; a beautiful **Gold Watch Chain over 48 in. long,** a **Doll's Set of Furniture** in 5 pieces, and a handsome 14k. Gold finished **Ring,** brilliantly set with a magnificent sparkling imitation Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Turquoise or Sapphire. **Remember,** you get all these Presents absolutely **FREE.**

If you will sell only 2½ doz. of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart-shaped Locket, enclosing a Medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of Roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets have never been sold in Canada for less than 25c. At our price, only **15c.,** you can easily sell the whole lot in half an hour. **This is the grandest chance ever offered to any girl.** Just think, you get a Watch, Gold Chain, Bracelet, Ring, and a Set of Furniture, all for selling only 2½ doz. of our fast-selling Lockets. Be sure and write us to-day and we will send them postpaid by return mail. Address,—

THE HOME SPECIALTY CO
Dept. 459 Toronto

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

It Plays Itself

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 8 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one Prong record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'se going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, fast as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 435 **Toronto**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver or nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455 , TORONTO, Ont.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT
—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept 416 Toronto.

Family Portraits IN COLORS FREE.

If you want one of these beautiful portraits **FREE** send us your name and address and we will send you postpaid, and **trust you** with 2 doz. of our large, fast-selling packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. Every package contains **over 60** different varieties, the finest in the world, all large flowering deliciously fragrant and in every imaginable color. You will find our Sweet Pea Seeds the easiest sellers you ever saw. MARY MCGREGOR, APPLE HILL, ONT., writes: "I received the Seeds at five o'clock and at half past they were all sold. People were so glad to buy. They jumped at the offer." A certificate worth 50c. given free with each package. When sold send us the money, together with the photo you wish enlarged, and we will have it artistically executed, and beautifully framed in its heavy **rich gold frame,** carefully packed and sent by express to your home. Any artist would charge $15 for making one of these beautiful paintings, and your picture dealer would charge you at least $5.00 for the frame. We have the highest priced **artists** in Toronto, who **faithfully enlarge** in perfectly **natural, pastel colors,** any photo of **yourself** or **loved ones.** Colors chosen by you. Each portrait is personally executed by our **own** artists, and is richly mounted and framed in a massive hand-made, beautifully carved **gold leaf frame,** full size, **30 x 36,** which will be a credit to the finest home. No such offer as this has ever before been made. You get your framed pastel painting **absolutely FREE,** and the photo you send will be returned. The demand for these enlarged beautiful **natural color pastel portraits** is enormous and we can only fill orders in exact rotation, so send your name and address at once.
The Prize Seed Co., Dept 436 Toronto.

Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **14** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.), to sell for us at **only 15c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 14 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 15c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long,** that looks exactly like one costing $10, made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf,** an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our presents the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 425 Toronto, Ont.**

Handsome Presents FREE
SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 10 large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring,** Solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$50.00 Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 441 TORONTO**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Elsa Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 479 , TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

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